The Back Nine...

Maybe it was because I was using a junior club putter,
the chipped face and grip falling off the club.

Maybe it's because the course was recently reconstructed,
the fairways and rough consistently matched with patterns of sand from the fresh manufacturing and renovation decisions.

Maybe it's because the loft on my driver is set to be 10.5 degrees,
if the loft was lower I could get exponentially more distance on shots off the tee box.

Maybe it's the music coming from my friend's speaker,
getting in my head while I prepare my backswing flowing through the ground on my shots.

Maybe it was my friend's scorecards,
adding immense pressure and vulnerability to my golf game.

A 47 on the front nine was not what I hoped to shoot after an hour drive to the course,
anger and mental mistakes led me to this position.

Now it was time for the back nine...

Through 12...
I'm feeling amazing after paring the first three holes on the back,
The soreness in my legs are rapidly increasing and I feel cramps coming in from my ribs through the vast walking on such as long developed course.

Through 15...

I lost my mind after double bogeying the 15th hole,
The rage built up through my mind is furious and my confidence is shot after such a terrible hole,
The red rushing through my face wasn't just from the beaming sun this time, as the anger created an irritated look on my face.

Through 18...
I bounce back,
I feel electric walking back to the club house after going one under on the last three holes,
through the sweat dripping down my neck and my knees angled down from the heavy bag situated on my back,
I can finally say,
The back nine saved me...

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